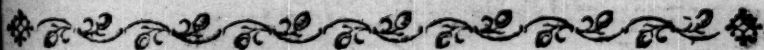
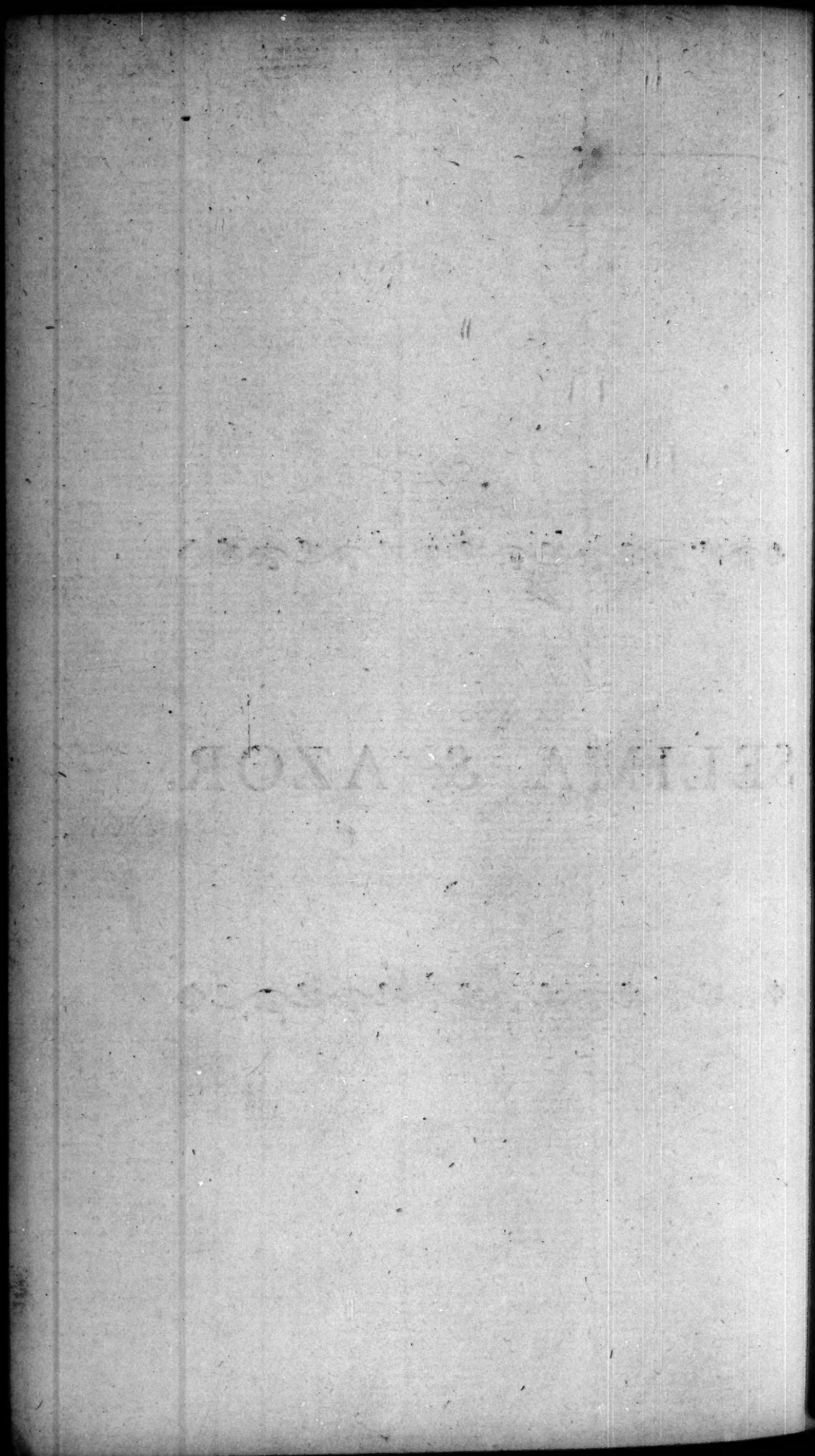


SELIMA & AZOR.





643.8.12
5
SELIMA & AZOR,

A

PERSIAN TALE,

IN THREE PARTS:

AS PERFORMED

AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL

I N

DRURY-LANE.

— at ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore.

HOR. SAT.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. BELL, at the BRITISH LIBRARY, Strand.

MDCC LXXXIV.

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ELLIS & AZOR

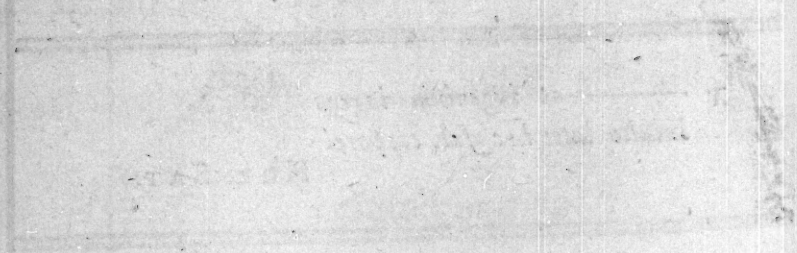
THE "SILVER" TALE

IN THREE PARTS

AS PERFORMED

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL

DE LA MANE



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T O T H E
L A D Y H U N L O K E
O F
W I N G E R W O R T H - P A R K ,
D E R B Y S H I R E .

M A D A M ,

I Know no one under whose Protection I can so properly place SELIMA and AZOR, as your Ladyship's, who join to an elegant and cultivated Mind, all the Virtues and Goodness of SELIMA ;—I shall ever remember, with Pride and Satisfaction, the Friendship with which you have been so good as to honour me, and am happy in this Opportunity to testify the Esteem and high Respect with which I am

Your Ladyship's

very sincere

and obedient Servant,

WEST-HILL,

Jan. 12, 1784.

THE AUTHOR.

TO THE
LADY HUNLOK
OF
WINGBOROUGH PARK
BERKSHIRE.

M. A. M.

I know no one under whose Protection I
can so properly place Selima and Azor,
as your Ladyship, who join to an elegant
and cultivated Mind, all the Virtues and
Graces of Nature:—I shall ever remember
with Love and Gratitude, the Friendship
with which you have been so good as to
honour me, and am happy in this Opportunity
to return the Esteem and high Respect with
which I am

Your Ladyship's
very humble

and obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following little Piece (which is an Imitation of the French ZEMIRE & AZOR) was the Production of some leisure Hours, in a Journey which the AUTHOR made a few Years ago: He was absent from England at the Time it was brought on the Stage, and he is very sensible, that the uncommonly favourable Reception it met with from the PUBLIC, must be principally owing to the great Justice done the Piece by the Managers, and by the Performers; but most particularly to the Taste and Judgment of Mr. SHERIDAN, in several judicious Alterations; and to the excellent Music of Mr. LINLEY; to both of whom the AUTHOR has Pleasure in making this public Acknowledgment.

Jan. 13, 1784.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

SCANDER....(*a Persian Merchant*)... Mr. BANNISTER.

ALI.....(*his Slave*)..... Mr. DODD.

AZOR { *a Prince transformed by a Fairy*
 to Deformity for his Vanity } Mr. VERNON.

W O M E N.

SELIMA,	} <i>Daughters of Scander</i>	{	Mrs. BADDELY.
FATIMA,			Miss COLLETT.
LESBIA,			Miss ABRAMS.

FAIRY.....

Genii, Fairies, &c.

SCENE is in Persia.

This Dramatic Tale being thought too long for an After-Piece, as it appears here, those Lines marked with inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

SELIMA & AZOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A dark Wood. Storm, Thunder, and Rain.

Enter Scander and Ali.

SCANDER.

ALI! Ali!
Do you not perceive a light yonder?

ALI.

Aye, fir, but I fear it is only the eyes of some wild monster!

SCANDER.

It appears as from some habitation.

ALI.

Then it is surely some giant's den, for nothing good would dwell in such a place as this.

SCANDER.

Any shelter were preferable to the severity of this storm.

ALI.

Why to be sure, fir, it is but indifferent bad weather; and what with wind, rain, hail, thunder, and lightning, it is by no means pleasant walking.

B

SCANDER.

[2]

SCANDER.

See, Ali, it is certainly a mansion, and nearer than we thought—I will try the hospitality of its owner.

ALI.

Oh Lord, Sir, if it should belong to one of the genii, or fairies, which this wood is famous for!

SCANDER.

No matter—Why do you tremble so?

ALI.

For you, sir—for you.

SCANDER.

Well—follow me, and speak not.

ALI.

Ah, you need not fear that, for I shall be dead of the fright before the gate opens. [Exeunt. Thunder, &c.]

SCENE II.

A magnificent Apartment.

Amongst the Decorations, a Rose-Tree with Flowers, on a Stand.

Enter Scander and Ali.

SCANDER.

How strange is this adventure; a palace illuminated and adorned—yet no one here!

ALI (*afraid*).

Master, let us depart; all is not right; I have strong suspicions.

SCANDER.

Suspensions, of what?

ALI.

That every thing here is enchantment.

SCANDER.

SCANDER.

Enchantment be it then; we are well off,
And fortunate beyond our utmost hope,
Benighted and unsheltered as we were;
From such a storm to find, where least we thought,
In this thick wood so friendly an asylum.

A L I.

You surely do not mean to pass the night here?

SCANDER.

Why not?

" A L I.

" For heaven's sake, master, do not think on it.

" SCANDER.

" Why! what hast thou to fear? If any one inhabits this
palace they will certainly receive us well.

" A L I.

" But suppose it should be one of the genii.

" SCANDER.

" What then?

A L I.

Take my advice and let us be gone.

" A I R.

" The storm is o'er,
" It blows no more,
" The rain has ceas'd to fall;
" The sky is clear,
" The weather fair,
" Then quit this 'chanted hall,
" Why shou'd we stay,
" Let's haste away,
" Your daughters anxious wait;
" Till you return,
" They trembling mourn
" In ignorance your fate.

DA CAPO.

Yes, yes, the storm is over.

SCANDER.

[4]

S C A N D E R.

The storm over, I think it is increased.

A L I (*aside*).

Faith it is but too true.

S C A N D E R.

And here we may pass the night without concern.

A L I (*trembling*).

Without concern!

S C A N D E R.

And when the day-light dawns we'll cheerfully depart.

A I R.

A wretch like me has nought to dread,

Misfortunes make me brave:

Wou'd I was numbered with the dead,

And in the silent grave;

For why shou'd life be worth our care,

When hope is sunk in black despair.

Wherefore, Ali, should I be anxious for life!

A L I.

Nay, sir, you are to judge for yourself—as for me, my life is the only thing I was ever worth, and therefore I do not chuse to risque it.

S C A N D E R.

Well, leave me to my repose; and, if thou'canst, sleep.

A L I.

Sleep in this house of spirits!

And without supper too.

O all ye powers!

[*a covered table arises.*]

S C A N D E R.

What's this!

A L L.

[5]

A L I.

'Fore heaven an excellent supper!

S C A N D E R.

Our wants are all provided, as thou feest, by somebody.

A L I (*trembling*).

Oh yes, by somebody——

And if we had but seats now.

[*two stools come on from different sides.*]

S C A N D E R.

Sit down there.

A L I (*frightened*).

Why, fure you won't eat?

S C A N D E R.

Our host is most magnificent and spares for nothing.

A L I.

And nothing does it cost him——His lordship is very good
I will say——It is best to speak respectfully of him, for I
doubt not, but he overhears us. (*aside.*)

S C A N D E R.

Ali, Eat I fay.

A L I.

Ah, if I dared——but, master, I'll say graee if you please.

S C A N D E R.

Eat, eat, it is delicious.

A L I (*tasting*).

Efaith, and so it is.

“ S C A N D E R.

“ What's here, European wine! with what magnificence
“ are we entertained!

A L I.

A L I.

Ah, master, suppose this red liquor should prove a slow poison!—But let me taste it—faith it is excellent! and, if I die for it, I am determined to drink my bottle. (*drinks*).

S C A N D E R.

Well, how d'ye find it?

A L I.

Find it—there's no judging yet—here's to our host. (*drinks*).

A I R.

I.

These spirits they'd make us to fear,
Are generous, harmless, and gay,
And give us such excellent cheer,
I'd visit them every day;
For I like their treat,
Their wine, their meat,
And I'm merry and blithe as they.

II.

Tho' I can't like a nightingale sing,
For once turn your ears to a jay;
For if wine will make winter like spring,
Why not make me warble, I pray?
For I like your treat,
Your wine, your meat,
And I'm frolicsome, blithe, and gay.

III.

Good spirits pray hear, if you're nigh,
Bring back the sweet time of May
When bonny brown Ellen and I
Lov'd long as the sun hid his ray,
For I like your treat,
Your wine, your meat,
And I'm frolicsome, blithe, and gay.

S C A N D E R.

Go, Ali, and see what weather it is now.

A L I (*yawning*).

No hurry, if you please, sir,
"I'd rather sleep a little.—"

[7]

SCANDER.

The tempest has ceas'd.

ALI.

I'm glad to hear it.

SCANDER.

The sun is risen.

ALI (*yawning*).

I wish 'twas set again.

SCANDER.

This wine has made thee strangely brave.

ALI.

Yes, plenty of wine has always a good effect on me.

SCANDER.

Come trifle no more, I insist upon't——
My children wait for me impatiently——
In quitting this place, I think
I should have some proof to testify
This most strange adventure:——
My lovely Selima, when I parted from her,
Requested of me nothing but a rose;
I'll gather one from this sweet beauteous tree.

(He approaches a rose-tree and gathers one).

SCENE III.

Azor, Scander, and Ali.

AZOR.

Ho!

ALI (*trembling*).

O heavens!

SCANDER.

What do I see!

AZOR.

Tell me how came you here?
And why thou dar'st to rob me of my roses?

SCANDER.

SCANDER.

Forgive me, for I meant no injury ;
And liberal as thou seem'd in all things else,
I cou'd not think thee sparing in a flower.

A Z O R.

Rash and ungrateful man ! has not this roof
Preserv'd thee from the storm ; this banquet serv'd
Thy hunger ; and these wines restor'd thy strength.
Yet wou'd'st thou, rude and thankless as thou art,
Strip thy asylum of its ornaments ?

SCANDER.

" If my offence you construe to a crime,
Dispose, sir, of my life as you think fit,
I neither shall defend it, or complain.
My days, alas ! are too unfortunate
For me to plead, or struggle to prolong them——
But for my children, I shou'd *wish* to die.

A Z O R.

Their destiny is woven with their father's.

SCANDER.

'Tis that which drives me to despair, for they
Will be left friendless and without support.

A L I.

Ah, my lord, your high noble mightiness
Wou'd have pity on him if you knew
How very handsome his daughters are—

SCANDER.

I came from Ormus, whither I had been
To gather tidings of a ship, whose freight,
Was all misfortune, and the seas had left me——
My daughters, doubting not of my success,
Solicited me gifts ;—one ask'd for silks,
Another jewels ; but the youngest said,
Bring me, my father, nothing but a rose,

'Twill

'Twill prove a precious gift ; since it will shew
You thought on Sel'ma, when you gathered it.

A Z O R.

I have a heart open to compassion,
From having known misfortune ;
He best can feel the woes another suffers
Who bears the sad remembrance of his own——
Your crime shall therefore be forgotten :
But something in return must then be done.

S C A N D E R.

Name it——

A Z O R.

One of your daughters must consent
To give herself to me.

S C A N D E R.

Deliver up my daughter to thee !

A Z O R.

Promise instantly, or——

A L I (*aside to Scander*).

You had best submit, he's strongest :——
" Oh ! for heaven's sake don't hesitate a moment,
" But tell him you rejoice
" In such a son-in-law——

S C A N D E R (*aside*).

Unhappy children——
My earnest wish to see you e'er I die,
Must make me seem to grant, what I abhor.
Your will shall be obey'd, I pledge my word,
One of my daughters, here shall take my place,
Or I'll myself return and meet your vengeance.

(*to Azor.*)

A Z O R.

I'm satisfy'd ;—and now, take back the flower,
And let it be a mutual guaranty
That each proves true and faithful to his word.

C

A I R.

[10]

A I R.

Dread thou to wake my fatal rage,
Or fail the promis'd hour;
The winged shaft of death is mine,
Avoid its 'vengeful power.

[Azor waves his hand, and the table and stools sink.]

You may expect every thing from my favor,
Come follow me;—a cloud shall wait you
To your daughters fight—

A L I (*trembling and kneeling*).

A cloud!—ah permit——

A Z O R.

What?

A L I.

That *I* may go thither on foot.

A Z O R.

Why so?

A L I.

I have not been used to ride upon clouds.

A Z O R.

Perhaps you'd rather have a balloon?

A L I.

Oh no!

A Z O R.

Or a dragon?

A L I.

Oh dear! no my lord, I beg to be excused.

A Z O R.

It shall be so, two fire-breathing dragons
Shall cleave the air, and soon convey you home.

A L I.

Mercy on me, fiery dragons!

A Z O R.

[11]

A Z O R.

Well then, until your master shall return,
You may remain with me.

A L I.

O ho! I thank you most exalted sir,
Since that's the case, the cloud, or what you please. [Exeunt.
(Symphony expresses the flight of a cloud.)

S C E N E IV.

*The Wood. A Chariot drawn by Dragons crosses in the Air.
Scander and Ali in the Chariot.*

A L I.

Oh mercy, master, what a rate we travel at.

S C A N D E R.

Be still, Ali——

A L I.

Oh, I'm as giddy as a weather-cock. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

A Room in Scander's House.

Selima, Lefbia, and Fatima at Work by the Light of a Lamp.

T R I O.

I.

Remain we, sisters, still awake,
Already night
Has ta'en her flight,
Aurora opes the gates of light,
" And morn begins to break.

II.

See the black clouds apace remove
To bring the day
That will repay
Our sorrow for our fire's delay,
" And give him to our love.

S C E N E

SCENE VI.

To them, Scander and Ali.

ALL THREE.

My Father!

SCANDER.

My dearest children.

SELIMA.

Our grateful hearts o'erflow to see you safe.

FATIMA.

Heaven once again restores you to our love.

SCANDER.

It does permit me, once more, to embrace you.

ALI.

And heaven be thank'd too, here am I, once more,
 "Tho' absolutely stunn'd by the whirl of our equipage;
 Well, let who will travel on clouds, or dragons,
 I promise never to envy them their state;
 I leave the air to the birds, and the sea to fishes,
 Perfectly contented with my own element, the land,
 Which I'll never more quit, if I can help it.

FATIMA.

I hope, fir, your journey has been prosperous,
 And that you return with wealth and riches.

SCANDER.

Alas, my children, we have lost our all!

FATIMA and LESBIA.

Lost all?

SCANDER.

Unhappy children—all is gone.

SELIMA

S E L I M A.

Grieve not dear father, for the loss of wealth,
If possible, 'twill make us love you more ;
While rich in virtue we must still be happy.

S C A N D E R, *to Fatima and Lesbia.*

You weep my children, [*To Sel.*] And you my Selima,
You comfort me.

S E L I M A.

How often have you told us not to trust
To the uncertain joys that riches bring.
We have, sir, still enough to make us happy,
If in a little we would seek content.
The bird that sings all day in yonder grove
And all night long enjoys such sweet repose,
What are his wants ! His little nest is all
The wealth he owns : come then my dearest father,
And let us learn from hence a useful lesson,
To teach our steps the paths of resignation.

S C A N D E R.

Her tendernefs and love unmans me quite. }
How gladly, my children, would I have brought } *To Fat. and Lesb.*
What you required—but you know the cause. }

F A T I M A.

You were ever kind.

S C A N D E R.

Your small request, my gentle Selima,
I have procured—receive your humble wish.

S E L I M A.

You charm me by it—ah, how sweet and beautiful.

S C A N D E R.

I fear it will prove a fatal gift to thee !

S E L I M A.

[14]

S E L I M A.

A I R.

I.

No flower that blows
Is like this rose,
Or scatters such perfume
Upon my breast,
Ah! gently rest,
And ever, ever bloom.

II.

Dear pledge to prove
A parent's love,
A pleasing gift thou art:
Come sweetest flow'r,
And from this hour,
Live henceforth in my heart.

S C A N D E R.

My dear children you needs must be fatigued,
I have myself occasion for repose;
Good night—angels protect and guard you,
Heavens to what distress I am reduced.

[*Aside.*

[Fatima and Leobia exeunt.
*Selima remains, and observes her father, who sits down, leans his
head on his hand, and sighs deeply,*

S E L I M A (*aside*).

My father sure is ill, or much afflicted!
—It is impossible—I cannot go—
Loving you as I do—can I see you
In such distress, and not be much alarmed.

S C A N D E R.

Leave me, my child, I wish to be alone.

S E L I M A.

Ah! Whence arises this extreme of grief?

S C A N D E R (*aside*).

What can I say to her.
'Tis nought but your imagination, Selima.

S E L I M A.

S E L I M A.

Pardon me, sir; I never saw you thus:—
 Speak, I conjure you, let me know your griefs
 And I will use the utmost power I have
 To comfort you.

S C A N D E R.

Leave me, my child—my grief is past all cure.
 Farewell my Selima—soft be thy slumbers
 And blest thy future days.

S E L I M A.

My father!

S C A N D E R.

Go repose thyself, 'tis now near the morning. [Exit.]

S E L I M A.

Repose myself! alas! it cannot be,
 Reserve and sorrow so unusual
 In my dear father will forbid repose. [Exit.]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Ali.

A L I.

I am not awake;—no,—'tis pretty certain
 I still am in a dream, tho' from my fears
 I could almost believe it to be true—
 —I fancy my poor master will not find
 A dream in that same promise he has made
 To that ugly devil.—I would say, lord Azor.
 Well; I never knew good come from travelling;
 —And then to be whipt aloft by enchantment;
 Tuck'd up behind fiery dragons in the air;
 Mounting up like a balloon as high as the moon;
 And looking down, down, down on the earth below:
 Mercy on me, it turns my brains to think on't.

Enter

Enter Selima.

S E L I M A.

Tell me, good Ali,
What is the cause of my dear father's grief.

A L I.

I don't know.

S E L I M A.

Alas! I'm sure you must.

A L I (*aside*).

I shan't be able to resist her tears.

S E L I M A.

I entreat you, Ali, to have compassion and tell me.

A L I (*aside*).

Sweet girl—what pity at her age to die;
Azor will make not above a meal of her.
—Nay I believe he'll gobble her up at a mouthful.

S E L I M A.

What say'st thou?

A L I (*aside*).

Yet I think he'll not eat her neither—
To Sel.] I grieve to tell you, that without your help
Your unhappy father is for ever lost.

S E L I M A.

Is it possible!—oh, proceed—

A L I.

'Tis too true—but he strictly ordered me
To keep the fatal secret from his daughters,
Yet I act right, I think, to disobey him,
And therefore I'll disclose the fatal story:
—This night in a dark thick wood—

S C A N D E R (*without*).

Ali——Ali——

A L I.

I think I hear him call,
" I must attend him.

" S E L I M A.

" Alas! thou'lt said too much to finish here.

" A L I.

" The rest I will relate when I return.

" S C E N E VIII.

" *A Chamber.*

" *Scander with a Table before him as having been writing.*

" S C A N D E R.

" The dreadful die is thrown, now farewell life.

" *Enter Ali.*

" Ali, come near, thou hast been faithful to me
" And merited th' indulgence I have shewn thee
" By ev'ry act an honest slave cou'd do :
" Here ends thy service to thy unhappy master,
" And this, the last sad night, thou'lt ever see him.

" A L I.

" You surely will not go——

" S C A N D E R.

" Transfer, henceforward, thy fidelity
" To my poor children, defend their helpless youth
" As far as may besit thy humble station.

" A L I.

" Alas, they'll die of grief if you depart.

D

" S C A N D E R.

“ S C A N D E R .

- “ This letter give them after I am gone, [Gives a letter.
 “ A father’s dying blessing is contain’d in’t.
 “ But once more, I conjure thee, tell them not
 “ The sad particulars of this sad night.
 “ ’Twou’d rend their hearts with never-ending grief
 “ To know their parent sacrific’d himself
 “ To save their lives,—much dearer than his own.

“ A L I (crying).

“ I’ll ever be their true and faithful slave.

“ S C A N D E R .

- “ Farewell, my worthy Ali—may you be happy.
 [Ali kneels and kisses his hands.
 “ Now leave me, for I wish to be alone. [Exit Ali.
 “ This journey is the last I e’er shall make.
 “ —And now, (kneels) oh, thou bright luminary!
 “ Whose presence cheers all beings in the world,
 “ Guard and protect these helpless innocents,
 “ And guide their footsteps in the path of virtue:
 “ Continue to them in this humble cottage
 “ Peace and content: let sorrow fly the door;
 “ And while they’re innocent, oh, make them happy. [Rises.
 “ I feel a lassitude thro’ all my limbs
 “ Like the cold hand of death: a drowsiness,
 “ Strange and unusual, hangs upon my eyelids,
 “ Not often the companion of the wretched. [Exit.

“ S C E N E VIII.

“ An Apartment.

“ Enter Selima and Ali.

“ S E L I M A .

- “ I’ll see my father, and on my knees entreat
 “ Him to forego his dreadful resolution;
 “ If there must be a victim, it shall be me,
 “ Who am the fatal cause of his offence.

“ A L I .

[19]

“ A L I.

“ Speak lower—you distress your father.
“ However, hear the remainder of the story,
“ And then determine.

S E L I M A.

You surely said, he sacrificed himself for us.

A L I.

To be sure, if you wou'd go in his stead
His life might be sav'd.

S E L I M A.

Then, as you love your master, Ali,
Who has ever been so kind to you,
Inform me instantly of the means?

A L I.

Well, come further from his room,
And you shall know the whole adventure,
But I would by no means advise you
To go in his place: but above all you must
Not think of asking me to go with you.

S E L I M A.

A I R.

Ah! can I the torment bear,
To think thro' me my fire must die:
To you, ye pitying gods, for help I fly,
Ah, hear my humble prayer,
And save me from despair.

DA CAPO.

[Exit.

End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Inside of the Palace of Azor.

Enter Azor.

A Z O R.

C R U E L fairy, shorten my affliction,
Or end a life of torment and despair :
I own, that of my beauty I was vain ;
But cou'd a fault, so natural to youth,
Justly deserve such dreadful punishment.
I cannot entertain a hope most distant
That I shall e'er obtain my former shape ;
For hast thou not decreed the charm shall last
Till by some youthful virgin I am lov'd ;
Is this a form to kindle soft desire !
What then avails the pow'r thou'st given me,
For love is still superior to enchantment,
Nor owns a law but what itself ordains ?

" A I R.

" How wretched 'tis with love to burn,
" Without the hope of a return ;
" Its cruel flights, its scorn to move,
" But ne'er its sweet enjoyments prove :
" What grief all this a heart to know
" Where endless passion still must glow.

" This worthy father whom I have engag'd
" To give me up his daughter,—he cannot,
" Will not have resolution to obey me ;
" Or, if he shou'd, can I compell her to love me ?
" Hatred, indeed, may be produced by fear,
" But love can owe it's birth to nought but love.
What beauteous maid is that advancing yonder ?
—'Tis surely she—I recollect her guide ;
I will conceal myself, and try to learn
What kind of pleasure she delights in most,
And that her mind, if it be possible,
May feel tranquillity before she sees me. [Exit.

Enter

Enter Selima and Ali.

A L I.

There, I have now perform'd my promise;
This is the palace " and I will now save myself
" As fast as possible—Adieu

" S E L I M A.

" What!

" A L I (*finding the gate shut*).

" Mercy on me, the gate is lock'd!

" S E L I M A.

" Ali, I see you are alarm'd.

" A L I.

" O no, not in the least; come, let us shew ourselves
" To our charming host, I am impatient to see him;
" —I shall remain in his palace with great pleasure
" Till he is so good as to allow me to return.
(*Aside*) " Alas! why did I come! fatal compliance!

S E L I M A.

Is he indeed so hideous, so very frightful?

A L I.

O lud, no.

S E L I M A.

Why, you told me so—

A L I.

Me! O no, not I—
One might indeed think so at first sight,
But when one comes to consider him, he hath
A noble air; and is extremely well made;
Tho' certainly in a particular manner.

" S E L I M A.

" But has he always that hideous look
" With his eyes which you spoke of?

" A L I.

“ A L I.

“ Oh mercy ! I never spoke of any such thing.
 “ His eyes are not indeed languishing,
 “ But then they have a vast deal of expression,
 “ I can't say I have seen much of his countenance,
 “ But I doubt not of his lordship's beauty :
 “ As to the rest, he is rich and magnificent,
 “ And (which is more than all) loves good wine ;
 “ A most fortunate circumstance ; for I have observed
 “ That jolly toppers always have excellent hearts.

S E L I M A.

Will he long remain thus invisible ?

A L I.

Oh no.

S E L I M A.

Every thing here, seems yet, most pleasing :——
 What do I see !—look Ali——
 (*Reading*) “ The apartments of Selima.”
 Open the door.

A L I.

Me, madam, (*trembling*)—Oh no !
 Open it yourself ; the apartments are your's.

S E L I M A (*opening it*).

How superb and elegant !

A L I.

Ah ! I see he won't eat you.

“ D U O.

“ S E L I M A.

“ A L I.

“ Return and ease my father's heart,
 “ Tell him, alas, that tho' we part,
 “ My life is not in danger.

“ How shall I ease your father's heart,
 “ Since I from hence cannot depart :
 “ I fear my life's in danger.

“ Describe me here just as I am ;
 “ Say for me all my duty can ;
 “ To which he is no stranger.

“ Shou'd I describe myself whilst here,
 “ I'm sure it wou'd be full of fear,
 “ To which I am no stranger.

“ The

" The truest pleasure now it gives,
" To know my dearest father lives,
" From threat'ned dangers free.

" The truest pleasure I cou'd know,
" Wou'd be from hence allow'd to go
" From threat'ned dangers free.

" And tho' we ne'er may meet again,
" Say the poor captive wont complain
" Nor mourn her liberty.

" And tho' perhaps you chuse to stay,
" I'd give the world to be away,
" And at my liberty.

A Z O R (*without*).

Slave, begone——fly hence instantly! [*The gates open.*]

A L I.

Ah! I desire nothing else. [*Running off.*]

S E L I M A.

He's gone, and left me helpless and forlorn!
How my heart beats;—yet surely heaven will guard
The virtue it approves.

(*A troop of fairies enter, who make obeisance to Selima.*)

D A N C E.

" S E L I M A.

" This is indeed most wonderful and strange:
" —They wish me to be seated too——
" Am I awake, or is this all illusion!

S C E N E II.

Azor and Selima.

S E L I M A.

O heaven! (*She faints in the arms of the female genii.*)

A Z O R.

Alas, my unfortunate figure occasions this terror.
Return, oh beautiful Selima, oh return to life,
And blest my eyes with beauty they ne'er saw before.

[*He makes a sign, and the genii go off.*]

Look not on me, Selima, but hear me.

S E L I M A.

SELIMA.

My senses are all frozen——I hardly breathe.

AZOR (*on his knees*).

Words can't express the tender sentiments,
Which you inspire the wretched Azor with,
Who thus adores and trembles at your feet.

SELIMA.

Ah me! I die unless you leave this place.

AZOR.

No, Selima, may you live ;
'Tis I must expire, if you refuse to hear me.

SELIMA.

His air is gentle, and his words are soft :
—You have no intention then against my life? (*with fear.*)

AZOR.

Ah no! it is my soul's most ardent wish,
Only to live to please, and to adore you.

SELIMA.

I begin to recover my spirits.

AZOR.

AIR.

Didst thou but know the killing smart,
The anxious doubts that rack my breast;
Didst thou but feel love's fatal dart,
Thou'dst hope for joy, but know no rest.
Prostrate and humble at your feet,
Behold a wretch for favor sue;
With love and fear at once replete,
Alas, he trembles more than you.
" 'Tis not a face, or flowing hair,
" Shou'd win a look from worth like thine;
" Nor artful words, or easy air,
" Thy generous heart to love incline.

" 'Tis

" 'Tis not a form, or feigned sigh,
 " Or what the vulgar pleasures call ;
 " Nor yet the lustre of an eye,
 " But 'tis the soul which lights them all.
 Prove then my passion, know my worth,
 To outward shew true love is blind ;
 Gently he'll lead thee to such truth
 As warms my heart ; be thou but kind,
 Breathe but a wish to make me blest,
 That wish, a pitying sigh will move ;
 Which heaving in thy gentle breast,
 Will kindle pity into love.

" S E L I M A.

" What a horrible figure, yet what soft,
 " What pleasing language ! sure that voice
 " Cou'd ne'er have utterance from a savage heart.

A Z O R.

Do I really, Selima, appear so very horrible.

S E L I M A.

Why—indeed—you are not handsome.

" A Z O R.

" You hate me then ?

" S E L I M A.

" No—the wicked only shou'd be hated.

A Z O R.

If, under this strange form, you find my heart
 Compassionate and worthy ?

S E L I M A.

I shall then pity you ;——
 E'en now, methinks, I've lost much of my terror.

A Z O R.

Charming Selima, you reign queen of this palace,
 And of my heart ; you have only to command,

E

And

And instantly your will shall be obey'd:
Ten thousand various pleasures wait your nod,
To charm your solitude and court your sense.

“ S E L I M A.

“ But my dearest father—and my sisters ?

“ A Z O R.

“ They shall command the riches of the world.

“ S E L I M A.

“ Yet I shou'd buy these favours all too dear,
“ If a return shou'd ever be exacted.

“ A Z O R.

“ Ah, Selima.

“ S E L I M A.

“ The frequent seeing you,
“ May possibly in time, abate my fears.

“ A Z O R.

“ Be happy then, my lovely Selima—
Enjoy the charms of innocence and virtue ;—
And if I dared an humble boon request,
Ah, deign the music of your heavenly voice.

S E L I M A.

If you desire that I shou'd sing, I will.

A I R.

The parent bird with trembling care,
And eager anxious eyes ;
Observes its darling high in air.
On half-fledg'd pinions rise.

The eagle darts with fatal aim,
The little nestling dies ;
Alas ! cou'd pity find no claim ?
The wretched parent cries.

A Z O

A Z O R.

" Your song, lovely Selima, carries a complaint,
Ah wou'd my power cou'd heal your soft distrefs.

S E L I M A.

You have that power.

A Z O R.

How? speak—tell me what can I do?

S E L I M A.

Let me see my father, and my sisters.

A Z O R.

As far as my power permits you shall be obey'd,
Tho' I most likely shall be punished by it:
You will behold them now in a magical picture,
But shou'd you venture to speak, or touch it,
The whole will vanish.——

S C E N E III.

*Azor and Selima on the Stage. Scander, Fatima, and Lefvia, in
a Transparency.*

S E L I M A.

Ah my dearest father! my sisters!
Alas, how griev'd he seems. " He sighs; he weeps;
" His eyes are fixt on me! he seems to speak;
" His opening arms invite me to his breast.
" Ah, cou'd I clasp him to my beating heart.
Oh if I cou'd only make him hear me!

A Z O R.

'Tis impossible.

S E L I M A.

May I be permitted then to hear him speak?

A Z O R.

[28]

A Z O R.

Ah, Selima! how hard a thing you ask!

S E L I M A.

Will you refuse me then?

A Z O R.

No; but in granting it, I too well know
That I betray myself; "their soft complaints
"Will make me odious: but to that excess
"I love you, I can refuse you nothing.

S C E N E IV.

*Azor and Selima on the Stage. Scander, Lesbia, and Fatima, in
the Transparency as before.*

T R I O.

While grief and anguish rack our breasts,
Restless, my Selima, we mourn
Thy hapless fate;
As if our tears cou'd give relief,
Or thy return.

We still must weep, we still must mourn,
Since thou art gone:—still, still, complain
In mournful sounds;
Till thy lov'd sight shall comfort bring,
And end our pain.

S E L I M A (*throwing herself towards the Transparency*).

Ah, my father! (*they disappear.*)

Cruel, inhuman Azor!

A Z O R.

I warn'd you of it:
You have yourself destroyed the charm.

S E L I M A.

S E L I M A.

Let me then go to heal a father's grief;
Let his severe affliction touch your breast,
Nor let him sink with sorrows to the grave.

A Z O R.

O love, how arbitrary is thy sway!
The strongest proof of passion I can give
Is to consent:—go then and see your father;
Tell him I breathe, I live for you alone.—
But, Selima, wilt thou, indeed, return?

S E L I M A.

As truth lives in my heart, I swear I will.

A Z O R.

The glorious sun has finished half his course,
“ Observe his splendid, fierce, meridian beams.
If I shou'd see him set, e'er you return,
Despair from that sad moment will oppress me,
“ And grief will shortly end my wretched life.
You then with certainty may tell your fire,
Azor is now no more, I've caus'd his death.

S E L I M A.

I cause your death!—I shou'd be griev'd at it.

A Z O R.

“ My life and happiness depend on you.
Go, then, my Selima:—hold, take this ring,
Receive it as a pledge of my fond love,
The greatest mark of trust I have to give:
For whilst you wear it, you're beyond my power.

“ S E L I M A.

“ Amazing goodness! how can I requite it?

“ A Z O R.

[30]

" A Z O R.

" By wishing to return;
" Quit then the ring, and you'll be here directly.

S E L I M A.

This confidence you'll find is not misplac'd,
And I'll deserve this pledge by quitting it.

A Z O R.

Numbers of guardian spirits shall attend you—
And, oh remember, joy will be a stranger
Within these walls, till you return again.—

" A I R.

" Robb'd of its mate the turtle-dove,
" In all the anguish grief can shew,
" Laments the absence of his love,
" With plaintive sighs, and notes of woe.

" But shou'd the pitying pow'rs deign
" To think such truth deserves reward;
" The faithful pair may meet again,
" And beauty constancy reward,

End of the Second Act.

[31]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scander's House.

Scander, Leibia, and Fatima.

SCANDER (*leaning on a Table in deep Concern*).

WHAT an unfortunate father am I!

Enter Ali (running in affrighted).

ALI.

Oh master!

SCANDER.

What now?

ALI.

In the air——

SCANDER.

Well, in the air?

ALI.

I have seen——

SCANDER.

What?

ALI.

I don't know——

AIR.

I'm in a horrible fright;
This moment I've seen from afar,
A terrible fiery car,
A fiery terrible car;
I shan't be myself to-night.

Yet

Yet may be, it was but a cloud !
Oh no, to my discerning,
It seem'd a chariot burning !
A flying chariot burning,
Which blaz'd and crack'd aloud !

Two winged serpents drew it !
For, have I not seen their teeth,
Which threatened instant death,
Yes, threat'ning instant death,
To all who shou'd come to it !

I'm in a horrible, &c.

SCENE II.

To them Selima.

FATIMA and LESBIA.

Behold our sister !

SELIMA.

Oh my dear father !

SCANDER.

Ah my daughter, my Selima !
Do I live, once more to fold thee thus !

SELIMA.

Azor himself permits me to return
To heal your anguish and assuage your grief—
Till I go back and ease him of his fears,
I take a part in the distress he feels.

“ SCANDER.

“ How !

“ SELIMA.

“ Shou'd I not keep my promise, he wou'd die.

SCANDER.

What do I hear ! wouldst thou again leave me.

SELIMA.

SELIMA.

My word is sacred, and I must return.

“ SCANDER.

“ Cruel, inhuman girl !

“ Did you but know what I have suffered for thee,

“ Thou woud’st not——

SELIMA.

“ Ah, my father, spare these unkind reproaches ;

Azor has prov’d a noble, generous friend—

He wou’d do you service, load you with wealth.

SCANDER.

No—let him keep his riches ;

My children are the wealth I wish to have,

My happiness and pride their innocence :

To purchase that, all price is insufficient.

SELIMA.

You’re angry with him, sir.

SCANDER.

You defend him !

What sentiments can he have rais’d in you.

SELIMA.

Pity.

SCANDER.

Unfortunate conclusion !

“ SELIMA.

“ His temper’s gentle as the zephyrs breath ;

“ Respectful tenderness sits on his lips ;

“ He flies with joy to execute my wishes,

“ As if to please me was his only care.

F

“ SCANDER.

“ S C A N D E R.

“ You seem interested for him !
“ By his enchantments he must have done this.

“ S E L I M A.

“ That I am interested in his fate is certain :
He has given me freedom, tho' his life
Depends on my return——
He pines, he grieves to death, if I abandon him,
Yet gives me power to do so, if I choose it ;
This is the charm— (*shewing a ring.*)

S C A N D E R.

That ring ?

S E L I M A.

This ring renders me independent.

S C A N D E R.

Of the power of Azor ?

S E L I M A.

It does.

S C A N D E R.

Thank heaven, I breathe again——
But keep that ring before, with strictest care.

S E L I M A.

What, my father, wou'd you have me——

S C A N D E R.

Keep it, I charge you, quit it not an instant.

S E L I M A.

What then shou'd follow such a breach of trust.
Shall I deceive this poor unfortunate,
Who loves me to excess, because I can ?

QUARTETTO.

Q U A R T E T T O.

Scan. And can'st thou be to duty blind?

Fat. And leave a father, always kind?

Sel. 'Twas duty led me first away:

Lesb. Now, love and duty bids you stay;

Scan. Duty absolves the strongest ties;

Sel. The greater then's my sacrifice;

Fat. You surely will not go?—

Sel. ——— I must;

Lesb. Ah no, ———

Sel. ——— To stay wou'd be unjust.

All No greater pain can mortals prove,
Than leaving those we fondly love.

S E L I M A.

Sisters, comfort our father— (*throwing away the ring.*)
[*She vanishes.*]

S C A N D E R.

My daughter!

L E S B I A and F A T I M A.

My father——

S C A N D E R.

Leave me, the very light is odious.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Represents a Part of the Gardens of Azor—A Grot—Sun just setting.

A Z O R.

The sun is setting in the western wave,

Yet Selima, alas! is not return'd!

"I've now lost all for which I wish'd to live;

"Selima, 'tis plain, abandons me for ever;

"To what purpose then, shou'd I desire to exist!

" A I R.

A I R.

" And has she then fail'd in her faith,
 " The beautiful maid I adore;
 " Shall I never again hear her voice,
 " Nor see her lov'd form any more!

 " Ah Selima, cruel you prove,
 " Yet sure my hard lot you'll bewail;
 " I cou'd not presume you wou'd love,
 " Yet pity I hop'd wou'd prevail.

 " A moment my sorrows subside,
 " Revenge stalks along in my sight!
 " Dread spectre, how cou'dst thou intrude?
 " Begone to the realms of black night.

 " Since hatred alone, I inspire,
 " Life henceforth is not worth my care;
 " Death now is my only desire,
 " I give myself up to despair.

 " My sorrows now will quickly have an end
 " I sink beneath them, and" yon silent grot,
 Shall hide me from the light, and be my tomb.
 May ev'ry choicest blessing crown my Selima,
 Tho' she has brought me to an early grave.

[Scene shuts.

S C E N E IV.

Another Part of the Gardens.

S E L I M A (*within*).

Azor!

E C H O.

Azor——

S E L I M A (*within*).

Azor!

E C H O.

Azor.

Enter

Enter Selima.

A I R.

Azor, in vain on thee I call,
Echo, alone, replies!
If sad mischance shou'd thee befall,
What pity wou'd arise!

Again thy Selima is here,
To solemn promise true;
She's quitted those she held most dear,
To live again with you,

In vain I call——no Azor hears!
Echo, alone, replies;
Alas, cou'dst thou but know my fears,
Cou'dst thou but hear my sighs!

I feel concern I never felt,
My breast soft passions move;
By tender pity taught to melt,
By pity led to love.

Yes, thy misfortunes, thy goodness, Azor,
Have touch'd my heart, and made me truly love thee.

The Fairy descends.

F A I R Y.

Lovely and generous maid, enjoy the bliss
Thy virtues merit: Azor's punishment
Is at an end——behold him in his real form——
Azor.

Azor enters.

The Fairy waves her Wand, and he recovers his Shape.

S C E N E V.

Changes to a brilliant Palace; Azor appears on a magnificent Throne, retransformed to his original Form.

S E L I M A.

Azor! heavens, where am I?

A Z O R.

A Z O R.

To the vows of your faithful Azor you are restor'd,
 " Beautiful as the smiles of the morning.

S E L I M A.

I am astonish'd at it——is it possible?
 Can you be Azor!

A Z O R.

I am he,
 Whose uncouth form your gentleness has not despis'd—
 I owe the throne I now again remount,
 To you, my Selima; come and share it with me,
 Complete my happiness, and be my bride.

" S E L I M A.

" Of my pure love you've had the strongest proof,
 " My gratitude is all I can bestow;
 " To give my hand must have my father's sanction.

" A Z O R.

" You'll see him instantly.

S C E N E VI.

Enter the Fairies, with Scander, Leobia, Fatima, and Ali.

F A I R Y.

Virtuous and worthy father, take thy child.

S E L I M A.

Oh my dear father! *(throwing herself into his arms.)*

S C A N D E R.

My lost child!

A Z O R.

Like her, behold me,
 Submissive and obedient to your will.

S E L I M A.

S E L I M A.

'Tis Azor.

S C A N D E R.

I know it all : with joy I give consent,
 " And my full heart o'erflows with happiness.
 Take her, prince Azor, with a father's blessing,
 Receive her as the noblest purest treasure
 That heaven bestows on those it favours most,
 A virtuous woman : " may you both be happy.
 [*Presenting her to Azor.*]

A Z O R.

" I have the surest pledge of being so,
 " By her obedient tenderness to you :
 And as our future days roll blissful on,
 We'll teach this lesson from our past misfortunes,
 The lovely maid, whose mind fair virtue warms
 With honest pride, will scorn the coxcomb's lure ;
 Disgusted look on such deceitful forms,
 Whose vain self-love true worth cou'd ne'er endure,
 But gentle manners and affections warm,
 From souls sincere, will ever pleasing prove ;
 Will teach e'en ugliness the way to charm,
 And win a Selima to endless love.

Fairy waves her Wand.

Enter Chorus.

D U E T and C H O R U S.

The little bark by tempests tost,
 With joy regains the shore :
 So we by sorrow almost lost,
 Enjoy the change the more.

Misfortune hence with all thy train
 Of cares, of jealousies and pain ;
 Henceforth the purest joys will prove
 Springing from virtue, truth and love.

F I N I S.

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МЕДИЦИ

I know a girl: with her I give a lesson
 I find my full heart a shadow with happy
 I find her, purest, with a tender's passion
 I find her as the best of purest passion
 I find her before on this a happy man
 A young woman: may you both be happy

A Z O R.

And with a feeling to cherish love

2. 10. 1943

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DUET and CHORUS

Enjoy the day to the most.
So we by turns almost lost
When you signed the note,
The little hand by temple told

Springing from whine, truth and love,
Transcending the petty, love will deliver
Of course, no justification and gain;
Life forms, hence with all the pain

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